

The Fulton County News.

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THE GRIM REAPER.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

MRS. JANE K. GRISSINGER.

Mrs. Jane Keziah Grissinger, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Clouser, South First Street, Sunday evening, March 21, 1915, aged 76 years, 1 month, and 26 days. The funeral took place Tuesday morning, the services being conducted by her pastor, Rev. Robert E. Peterman, of the Lutheran church, and interment was made in Union cemetery.

Mrs. Grissinger was a daughter of Wilson and Matilda Bowman, and was born in Maryland. On the 31st day of October, 1865, she became the wife of John Bell, of Todd township, and to this union are living three children, namely, Ida, wife of Amos Clouser, Minnie, wife of Christmas Shimer, both of McConnellsburg, and Andrew Jackson Bell, residing at Moscow, Kansas. There are, also, living, 13 grandchildren, and 4 great-grandchildren.

March 10, 1885, she was married to Andrew Grissinger, who died several years ago. For many years Mrs. Grissinger was a consistent member of the Lutheran church.

MRS. DAWSON L. STRAIT.

Rebecca Sipes, wife of Dawson L. Strait, died at their home in Taylor township on Thursday, March 18, 1915, after a lingering illness, aged 35 years, 7 months, and 25 days. The funeral took place on the following Saturday, conducted by Rev. Benson, of Hustontown, and interment was made in the cemetery at Asbury church, Greenhill.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Andrew and Elizabeth Sipes, and she was married to Mr. Strait about four years ago. She is survived by the following brothers and sisters, namely, Matilda, wife of James M. Chesnut, near Hustontown; Rhoda, widow of the late Casper Gress, near Cito; A. J. Sipes, and Isaiah Sipes near Harrisonville, Allison and Berkley, near Hustontown; and Annie, wife of H. W. Mellott, near Knobsville, and Mertie, wife of Howard Mellott, on the old home place.

HARRY H. HORTON

Harry Howard Horton, died on Sunday afternoon in the Pittsburgh hospital of lobar pneumonia, after an illness of ten days. Mr. Horton was a son of Charles K. and Martha Cook Horton, of Broad Top City. He was aged 47 years. Mr. Horton was a carpenter by trade and for several years worked in Huntingdon at the J. C. Blair establishment, and helped to build the last addition to the Leister House. He was well known in the Broad Top region and was a highly respected citizen. He had lived in Kentucky for the past three years until he went to Pittsburgh last fall. He was a bachelor.

He is survived by his father, C. K. Horton, of Broad Top City, his mother having died some twenty-eight years ago. He is also survived by three sisters—Mrs. Ross P. Musgrave, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Otis Briggs, of Oakmont, and Miss Verna Horton, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., she being a teacher at that place.

His remains were brought to his father's home at Broad Top City on Tuesday, from which place the funeral was held.

MRS. AHIMAAZ MELLOTT.

Catherine Truax, wife of Rev. Ahimaa Mellott, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Decker, in Licking Creek township, last Sunday morning, March 21, 1915, aged about 75 years, of infirmities incident to advancing age. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, and her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at the Siding Hill Baptist church. Besides her husband, who has been

Want Three Dollars Poll Tax.

If the present legislature carries out all of Governor Brumbaugh's wishes, every man of voting age will be taxed three dollars a year poll tax, with the understanding that if he go to the primary and cast a vote, he will receive a rebate of one dollar; and if he then votes at the next general election, he will receive a further rebate of one dollar, and in this manner, he will have paid no more than he now pays. If the bill that is being prepared be enacted into law, it will stir the stumps of a lot of men who are so indifferent that they seldom or never go to the primaries to help nominate worthy men; while on the other hand, political clique see to it that men who can be bought cast their votes for their henchmen, and in this manner enrich themselves and their kind behind the doors of important offices.

Mr. Brumbaugh evidently thinks (and we agree with him) that many of the men who do not attend elections are the ones who would vote right if they would attend. Usually they are men who do not meddle in politics; but, as Mr. Brumbaugh says, they are the first to complain if bad men are nominated. The three-dollar poll tax is intended to wake up this class, and if they then fail to redeem the extra two dollars, they will have contributed something toward making up the deficiency caused by the election of grafters. Let's have a trial of the law by all means. It will not hurt any who, by reason of sufficient cause, cannot attend one or both elections.

Stevens-Hoffman.

Mr. David H. Stevens, son of William and Sadie Stevens, of Laidig, was married in McConnellsburg last Friday, by Rev. J. L. Grove, of the united Presbyterian church, to Miss Jessie Hoffman, daughter of Conrad (deceased) and Mrs. Annie Hoffman, of Hustontown.

After having been sick since Christmas, Mrs. James Woodal was able to spend a day this week with her son William on the Pittman farm.

in frail health for several months, she is survived by the following children, namely, Daniel, residing in Oklahoma; Jonas, Taylor township; Walker, Belfast township; Orpha, wife of Milton Decker; Mary Martha, wife of G. L. Schooley, Licking Creek township; Chick, residing in Franklin county, and Glenna, wife of Bert Mellott, residing near Needmore.

MRS. HARRIET GARLAND.

Mrs. Harriet Truax Garland, widow of the late County Commissioner Lemuel Garland, died last Thursday at the home of her son, David A. Garland, near Needmore. The funeral conducted by Eld. C. L. Funk, assisted by Rev. A. G. B. Powers, took place on the following Sunday, and interment was made in the cemetery at Hills Chapel.

Mrs. Garland is survived by the following children, namely, Jane, wife of Nathan Mellott, of Whips Cove; Alice, wife of Oliver Plessinger, near Needmore; Samantha, wife of Luther Morgret, residing in Indiana; and David, Joseph, and Aaron, near Needmore. Mrs. Garland was aged about 78 years, and had been in failing health for some time.

MISS REBECCA GORDON.

Miss Rebecca Gordon, the last surviving member but one of the Philip Gordon family of Bethel township, this county, passed away at her home near Warfordsburg on Monday, of infirmities incident to advanced age. The funeral took place on Wednesday and interment was made in the cemetery at the Tonoelow Baptist church. One sister, Mrs. Catherine Ott, of Bedford county, survives.

"AULD ACQUAINTANCE."

Bits of News and Gossip Extracted from the Letters from Our Distant Subscribers.

Rev. C. W. Bryner, Centralia, Pa., March 16, 1915.—I find that I have failed thus far this year to "cough up" for my paper. I am always interested in knowing what my Fulton County friends are doing. Wish there might be something doing around Fort Littleton and Knobsville so that we would get to hear from that locality a little oftener.

Well, another year of conference life has passed. I have only 12 miles to go to the seat of Conference this year so I will have it handy. I go by trolley or by rail.

I have finished up one of the most successful years of my ministry. We have had 111 conversions during the year, 110 enrolled as probationers. These were all with but four exceptions recommended for admission into full membership by the board of Leaders and Stewards.

We have made \$1100 improvements during the year, including steam heating plant in church, \$800 paid and balance provided for. The salary of \$1,000 is paid and a half hundred left to start the new year.

This has been the best year in the history of Centralia Methodism from every standpoint.

We enrolled 155 probationers from March 8, 1914 to February 25, 1915. These were mostly grown up persons and many of them heads of families. I received 113 into full membership on December 13, 1914. We have reached whole families for Christ and our converts range in age from 10 to 60.

The pastor has been unanimously invited by the official board and congregation to return for the fifth year and some of the membership even feel that it will be an awful calamity if there is a change made. It is a wonderful thing to be "popular."

Enclosed find \$1.00 for NEWS for another year.

Muril W. Foreman, Walla Walla, Washington:—Walla Walla Valley, a portion of the state of Washington, is about 30 miles wide, by about 50 miles in length. It is said to be the richest part of the Northwest, though probably not the best place for newcomers with little capital, on account of the land being all taken and the price varying from \$50 to \$300 per acre. The climate is warmer than that of Pennsylvania, although the tops of bordering mountains are covered with snow from October until May. Down in the valley snow sometimes falls to the depth of a quarter-inch, and January is the only real winter month. Heat is seldom excessive in the summer, and there are never any storms, blizzards, thunder and lightning, nor do we have any wind. Just north of where I am, where it is dryer, the land is given over almost entirely to wheat. The farms contain from 2,000 to 5,000 acres. Fifty to seventy-five head of horses are kept on each farm, and sulky gang plows are used. It requires half a day to plough a round in a field. Five miles north of the town of Walla Walla are strange-formation hills almost as high as mountains. They rise abruptly from an almost dead level country, and contain as good—or better—soil than the floor of the valley, and they never wash—a gutter never being seen. They are farmed by working around and around them, and specially designed hillside reapers are used to harvest the crops. The average number of bushels of wheat produced to the acre in Walla Walla Valley is thirty-five to forty. At harvest time the farmer takes cooks to the field and they stay with the harvesting night and day, including Sundays, until all is harvested.

Forty miles north of Walla

Can You Spell?

At Kokomo, Indiana, a few days ago the superintendent of the schools held a spelling contest. Every person of the city was eligible and six hundred took the test. Of that number only fifty-two made a perfect score.

Newspaper men, doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers and scholars submitted lists of twenty words each and from that total, twenty words were selected. The complete list with the number of times each word was misspelled, follows: Miscellaneous, 364; calendar, 324; parallel, 273; privilege, 270; superintendent, 248; principle, 242; niece, 223; lose, 201; separate, 196; disappointment, 177; disease, 164; principal, 142; necessary, 137; business, 130; relieve, 125; receive, 109; truly, 85; government, 84; grammar, 79; believe, 73.

One woman, who made a perfect score, had been a servant for sixty-three years and had had only eight weeks' schooling. A county official, who had been in business all his life, missed every word. Another man only got one right. One woman missed all but three.

Here are the words, arranged in the form of two sentences. Hand this to a friend, ask him to dictate the sentences to you, write down the words and see how many you mis-spell:

"The privilege of separating ninety miscellaneous calendars, arranged in two parallel lines, was against the principles of the superintendent, so his niece, not to disappoint the government, nor cause it to lose business, removed the principal calendars and thus relieved her uncle of a strain which might have brought on a disease. Then she believed it had become truly necessary for her to receive her instruction in grammar."

Ex-County Commissioner S. D. Mellott and Rural Mail Carrier S. Logue Wink, of Belfast township, spent a few hours in town Monday.

Walla, on the Columbia river are to be seen more wild ducks than I ever dreamed were in the whole of the United States. So much for the wheat land northward. Southward, and westward, of the city lie the fruit lands. They differ from the wheat lands in that they contain streams, and consequently, can be irrigated. Instead of farms of 5,000 acres, the farms seldom contain more than eight or ten acres, and these small fruit farms keep a man as busy, and bring him almost as much net returns, as the big wheat farms.

The cost of living, including clothing, is fully as cheap as in the eastern states.

Grant Mann, Burlington, Colo.:—I notice the label on my paper begins to look sick, so here goes another "buck to keep it coming twelve month longer. We are well. "Sis" has returned, and I tell you we were glad to see her come back; for she had lots to tell of interest about our old home and friends. [By "Sis" he means his sister Ella who went to Colorado about eight years ago, but spent the time from last October to January visiting in this county.] We have had a fine winter for stock, and prospects are splendid for a good crop this coming summer.

E. A. Hoopengardner, Gaithersburg, Md.:—In looking over the February list of paid-up subscribers I noticed that my name was not "written there," and not caring to get my paper on tick I herewith enclose a dollar for renewal. I am now working for the Summit Milling Co. They have just completed a large flouring mill, equipped with the latest improved machinery. My wife continues in very ill health and has been confined to the house for about two months suffering from a severe attack of laryngitis.

W. F. HUGHES' LETTER.

Hay Fever Causes Silence. St. Patrick and the Shamrock. Spring Heralds. Billy Sunday.

Certain nudgings from some of your readers, who otherwise have walked and talked with me, or have been amused, beguiled, or instructed by my previous articles, make it obligatory upon me to offer some explanation for my months' silence. I deem it a good thing to be thus held to account for one's conduct, especially, when the standard set by your critics is high; and because I have a really good excuse. So, please, now attend to my words:—

After a pleasant sojourn of two weeks in McConnellsburg last July, I returned to my home in Philadelphia, and awaited with no pleasing prospect, I assure you, the oncoming of that singular malady, hay fever, of which I have been the annual victim since 1884. Some will smile at this as though that were not worth the minding; but such persons have not endured the daily rounds of hourly attacks that grip the sufferer through a period of six to eight weeks—which are, because they seem so, the longest of the year. My trial came all right and brought me into a low physical state. No one writes letters during such a time—the overmuch sneezing, the inflamed itching eyelids and other parts of the face and inside the mouth; the nose distemper, and the bunged-up feeling as of heavy winter colds—these, and other enforcing physical perturbations, set up a headache which is constant—you rise with it; it accompanies you throughout the day; and when the mantle of night is spread over all and you feel like sinking into the arms of Morpheus, it is there to say "Good night until I greet you in the morning." O, it is a delightful thing to enjoy a vacation with hay fever— isn't it?

"At the end of the day" when matters should have come around to the normal again, there settled down upon me, instead, an indescribable mental and physical indisposition oftentimes alarming, making it impossible for me to appear in print—and I am only just now emerging therefrom.

How often have I seen in the NEWS interesting matters upon which I would have been glad to comment; but I could not bring myself to do so, so there you are, now, furnished with my excuse. ST. PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK

I am writing this on the 17th day of March, St. Patrick's Day. On this day, the department store of Lit Brothers, located at Eighth and Market Streets, distribute thousands of pots of Shamrock, the national flower of Ireland. St. Patrick was no Irishman, but he was the Country's patron saint, of whom it has been said, "His coming found no Christians, and his departure left no heathen," which, of course, is hyperbole. In order to illustrate the Trinity to the barbarians, St. Patrick used the Shamrock, a plant of three leaflets, found growing wild. It is uncertain what the plant was—it may have been one of the clovers, or may be Oxalis acetosella. Different plants are known as Shamrocks, in different parts of Ireland; but there is no doubt that the true Irishman, the world over, celebrates St. Patrick's Day and wears, if he can get it, a sprig of green in commemoration of the great man's death—not birth. In this connection, read Tom Moore's poem, beginning—

"Memorial of my native land,
True emblem of my land and race,
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place.
Thou needst for thyself and seed,
Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er;
Transplanted, thou'rt the merest weed,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!"

SPRING HERALDS.

March is truly our first spring month; and life is astir and marching on page 4.

Suffrage Leaders do Not Fear.

Harrisburg, March 20.—A brief statement to the general effect that now is the time to work rather than talk, was made at the State headquarters of the suffragets here to-day by Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, president of the State Association. The statement was issued in response to numerous requests for an outline of the campaign which the suffragets are planning to carry the women suffrage amendment to the Constitution at the polls on Election Day.

"On the 8th and 9th of April, Mrs. Roessing said, our county and city chairman will meet in special conference here. At this conference the campaign will be discussed in detail and definite plans made to reach every voter in the State. Until then there seems to be little excuse for state-ments of any sort beyond the declaration that we are confident of winning the same success at the polls as characterized our efforts in the Legislature. Every loyal suffragist in the State helped to win the Legislative victory and every one of them can be depended upon to make even more strenuous efforts in the behalf of suffrage at the polls."

Mrs. Roessing further said: "I do not believe there is one man in a million who ever voluntarily does anything which might be construed as unsportsmanlike. Consequently I cannot help but feel that the great majority of men who vote on the suffrage question this fall will give the women the benefit of the same spirit of fair play in reaching their conclusions as governs them in their consideration of other important questions."

Whose Turkeys?

If one of your turkey hens wandered off to the woods and took up with wild gobblers and raised a flock of a dozen half-breed turkeys and brought them home in the fall and asked to be forgiven for her digression, you would not hesitate to welcome her to the contents of your feed bin, would you? Neither would we. But suppose that three of your hens went to the woods and two of them failed to lead their half-breed offspring to the family coop, what would you do in that case? Are you to lose the services of two hens because they choose to become Bohemians? If after placing before them tempting inducements to return to civilization, they persisted in taking out naturalization papers with William Penn, would you remain neutral? Neither would we. If the rightful owner of the mother hen should, as a last resort, take his gun and go out and shoot some of the half-breeds for his table, would the law be half broken, or would it be even "cracked?" Such is the life that some of our Licking Creek and Taylor townships Turks, are leading their owners as related to us by our friend A. S. Brant. We say, "shell the Darnrebels and force the Bosphorus!"

The Biggest Typewriter in the World.

A typewriter that is nearly 2,000 times the size of the ordinary machine is one of the novel exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. While installed principally as an advertisement, this enormous machine also serves another purpose of as great importance, since it is used for writing newspaper bulletins that can be read a block away. This machine, which is 21 ft. wide and 15 ft. high, is reported to have cost \$100,000. The type are 3 in. in height and print letters which are spaced 2 in. apart from center to center. The weight of the carriage is 3,500 lb., the diameter of the key cup, which is the part of the machine ordinarily pressed by the finger, is 7 in., while the hollow cylinder is large enough for a man to crawl through. For using the machine paper 9 ft. wide is required. A picture of the machine appears in the April Popular Mechanics Magazine.

STOOP SHOULDERS.

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene by Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health.

Atlas bore the weight of the heavens upon his head and hands, according to a Greek myth, but those of mankind who carry the burden of life, too often let it rest upon their shoulders. Stoop shouldered men and women by the thousands are to be found among the followers of sedentary occupations. Nine out of ten, when the subject is mentioned, will square away their shoulders and say, "I'm getting a little careless about that." Then they make a momentary resolve that they will brace up and overcome the fault. That it is a fault, and one that has a distinct bearing upon health, there is no question.

No system of physical culture is complete which does not include exercises which teach erect carriage and deep breathing. One of these is impossible without the other. In this lies the chief ill effect of stoop shoulders.

To maintain good health we should use our lungs to their normal capacity at all times. The proper purification of the blood through oxygenation requires ample breathing. Drop shoulders forward and then try to take a full breath; see how impossible it is to do so in that position. Breathing with the shoulders forward and the breast bone depressed is only partially accomplished. The lower portion of the lungs cannot be emptied and instead of receiving a supply of fresh air they will be filled with residual air.

To work, sit or walk, day after day with the shoulders hunched forward, means that the lung capacity is lessened just so much, and a corresponding loss of vitality results.

Such a posture also permits the sagging of the diaphragm, a resulting displacement of the abdominal organs, and leads to serious digestive disturbances.

Do not resort to shoulder braces or other mechanical means to correct stooping shoulders. These are but makeshifts which do not remedy the real trouble. Make the mental effort necessary to keep the body erect. By maintaining proper posture the muscles can be strengthened and made to do their work of holding the body upright.

When children exhibit a tendency to grow stoop shouldered, parents and teachers should see to it that they are given physical exercises to correct the fault.

Books Free as Water.

If every man or woman who owns land, could be made to understand how easily he or she could receive a technical education on the subjects that pertain to the maintenance of fertility and kindred subjects, there would be no further need of farmers' institutes. Or, if we had institutes, they would be more on the order of conferences among farmers, themselves. No man will admit that he cannot remember from year to year what each piece of machinery is for. He never mistakes a plow for a cream separator, nor does he mistake a self binder for a safety razor. Well, knowing the use of nitrogen, humus, phosphoric acid, potash, and the contents of stable manure is fully as simple as to remember the use of machinery, and the only reason for thinking differently is because so many have made up their minds that there is some mystery about it. If you have any doubt about it, come to the NEWS office and get one of the little books we are giving away. Read it, and you will wonder why "mysteries" have gone so long unsolved by the average farmer. Get one for that bright boy of yours. None given out to children—the supply is too limited.